thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion, in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I kilde him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maydenSword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*; if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewesbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friendes are liuing, who are dead.

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay for reward. He that rewar
God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow leſſe:
Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman
doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lo
Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion find rebuke,
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had ſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafetie vrgde me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.